Ladies in the Dress of 1792.

Ladies in the Dress of 1792.

Fashionable Head

ead Dreſses of 1792.

Bibl Bodl JOHNSON

THE

LADIES'

Own Memorandum-Book:

OR, DAILY

POCKET JOURNAL,

For the YEAR 1793.

Deſigned as a Methodical REGISTER of all the Tranſactions of Buſineſs, as well as Amuſement.

CONTAINING

I. Introductory Addreſs.
II. New and Full Moons.
III. Uſeful Market Tables.
IV. Common Notes for 1792.
V. Birth-days and Years of the Royal Family.
VI. Birth-days of the Sovereigns in Europe.
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XVII. New Songs, ſung at Vauxhall, &c. in 1792.

By a LADY.

LONDON: Printed for G. G. J. and J. Robinſon, No. 25, Paternoſter-Row; and S. Hodgſon, Newcaſtle, (Price 1s.)

[Continued annually.]

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

SUMMONED to her duty by the flight of another year, and anxious to meet the wiſh of her fair and indulgent friends, the Editor of this little Remembrancer has again the pleaſure of ſtepping forward to public notice.—Conſcious of the inadequacy of words to convey a ſufficient idea of the gratitude that fills her breaſt for the great and unexampled ſucceſs of her annual volume, ſhe will only hope that her ardent and unceaſing endeavours, foſtered by the encouragement of beauty and genius, will continue to receive new vigour and animation, be incited to greater attempts, and crowned with more brilliant execution.—While ſhe expreſſes her unfeigned acknowledgments to thoſe correſpondents who have, unſolicited, honoured her Repoſitory with the effuſions of their fancy, ſhe cannot, at the ſame time, help avowing her regret that many contributions are unavoidably excluded, that the allotment of the prize volumes may ſometimes ſeem dictated by partiality, and that many pieces worthy of ſpeedy inſertion have been ſometimes delayed till the purpoſe for which they were written was vaniſhed or forgot. To obviate theſe inconveniences, ſhe wiſhes to remind her friends of the bounded limits of her plan, of the ſimilitude of enigmatical anſwers, and the neceſſity of pleaſing thoſe who read, as well as of accommodating thoſe who write.—She has not, however, ſo vain a confidence in her own talents as to ſuppoſe ſhe is never miſtaken in her opinion of thoſe of others; the powers of the mind, like thoſe of the body, having their intervals of change, their fortuitous fluctuations, when Wit may ſlumber in the lap of Dulneſs, and the flippancy of Folly be received as a ſubſtitute for Senſe.—If the immortal author of Paradiſe Loſt could ſink ſo low in his own eſtimation as to prefer his Paradiſe Regain'd to *that* celebrated poem, the Editor of the Ladies' Own Memorandum-Book may ſurely be allowed ſome excuſe, if, in the toil and hurry of arranging her materials, ſhe inadvertently adopts what ſhe ought to reject, and ſuffers to lie unnoticed the performance calculated to confer at once upon its author celebrity and reward.

THE EDITOR.

NEW COUNTRY DANCES,

For the Year 1793.

LEAP YEAR.

CAST off two couple, up again; right hands acroſs, half round, and back again; croſs over one couple, turn your partner, right and left.

MRS. PHILLIPS' FANCY.

Firſt lady ſet to the ſecond gentleman, and turn the third; firſt gentleman do the ſame; lead down the middle, up again; caſt off, hands four round.

THE WAGGONER.

The three ladies lead round the three gentlemen; the three gentlemen lead round the three ladies; lead down the middle; up again, and caſt off; hands ſix round.

THE POOR RECRUIT.

Firſt gentlemen ſet to the ſecond lady, and turn the third; firſt lady do the ſame; lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off; right and left.

MISS MACDONALD's REEL.

Swing your partner quite round with the right hand and caſt off one couple; left hands back again; lead down the middle, up again: right and left.

JOCKEY OF THE GREEN.

Change ſides, and back again; right hands acroſs half round, and back again; lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off; hands ſix round.

LOWTHER's HORNPIPE.

Caſt off two couple; up again; lead down the middle up again, and caſt off; ſet corners; lead outſides.

THE SUN FLOWER.

Firſt couple allemand; ſecond couple do the ſame; lead down the middle, up again; right and left.

THE PROPHETS OF OLD TIMES.

Hands three round with the ſecond lady; the ſame with the ſecond gentleman; lead down the middle, up again; allemand with your partner.

MISS ELLIS'S FANCY.

Firſt couple allemand; ſecond couple do the ſame; lead down the middle, up again, and caſt off; hands ſix round.

TIPPY BOB.

First couple allemand; second couple do the same; lead down the middle, up one couple; hands six quite round.

THE FEMALE SOLDIER.

Cast off two couple; up again; change sides, and back again; lead down, up again; and cast off; right and left.

LITTLE BEN.

Set and change sides; the same back again; lead down the middle; up again; allemond with your partner; swing corners; swing your partner.

BILL BOBSTAY.

First couple set to the second lady, and hands three round; the same with the second gentleman; lead down the middle, up again, and cast off; allemand with your partner.

THE WOODMAN.

Right hands across, quite round; left hands back again; lead down the middle, up again, and cast off; right and left.

THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

Cast off, and hands four round at the bottom; cast up and hands four round at top; lead down the middle, up again, and cast off; hands six quite round.

A TRIP TO BAGSHOT.

First lady set to the second gentleman, and turn; first gentlemen set to the second lady, and turn; lead down the middle, up again one couple; allemand.

BAYHAM ABBEY.

Set and change sides; the same back again; lead down the middle; up again, one couple; lead outsides.

THE ROYAL PAIR.

Hands three round with the second lady; the same with the second gentleman; lead down the middle, up again; right and left.

OSBURN PLACE ASSEMBLY.

Hey contrary sides; then on your own side; lead down the middle, up again; right and left.

DICKEY DWINDLE.

Hands across quite round; left hands back again; promenade three couple round; first and second couple poussett.

A NEW
MARKETING TABLE.

By the POUND, YARD, STONE, &c.

Num.	1¼d			1½d.			1¾d.			2d.		2¼d.			2½d.			2¾d.		
	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	q.
1	0	1	1	0	1	2	0	1	3	0	2	0	2	1	0	2	2	0	2	3
2	0	2	2	0	3	0	0	3	2	0	4	0	4	2	0	5	0	0	5	2
3	0	3	3	0	4	2	0	5	1	0	6	0	6	3	0	7	2	0	8	1
4	0	5	0	0	6	0	0	7	0	0	8	0	9	0	0	10	0	0	11	0
5	0	6	1	0	7	2	0	8	3	0	10	0	11	1	1	0	2	1	1	3
6	0	7	2	0	9	0	0	10	2	1	0	1	1	2	1	3	0	1	4	2
7	0	8	3	0	10	2	1	0	1	1	2	1	3	3	1	5	2	1	7	1
8	0	10	0	1	0	0	1	2	0	1	4	1	6	0	1	8	0	1	10	0
9	0	11	1	1	1	2	1	3	3	1	6	1	8	1	1	10	2	2	0	3
10	1	0	2	1	3	0	1	5	2	1	8	1	10	2	2	1	0	2	3	2
11	1	1	3	1	4	2	1	7	1	1	10	2	0	3	2	3	2	2	6	1
12	1	3	0	1	6	0	1	9	0	2	0	2	3	0	2	6	0	2	9	0
13	1	4	1	1	7	2	1	10	3	2	2	2	5	1	2	8	2	2	11	3
14	1	5	2	1	9	0	2	0	2	2	4	2	7	2	2	11	0	3	2	2
15	1	6	3	1	10	2	2	2	1	2	6	2	9	3	3	1	2	3	5	1
16	1	8	0	2	0	0	2	4	0	2	8	3	0	0	3	4	0	3	8	0
17	1	9	1	2	1	2	2	5	3	2	10	3	2	1	3	6	2	3	10	3
18	1	10	2	2	3	0	2	7	2	3	0	3	4	2	3	9	0	4	1	2
19	1	11	3	2	4	2	2	9	1	3	2	3	6	3	3	11	2	4	4	1
20	2	1	0	2	6	0	2	11	0	3	4	3	9	0	4	2	0	4	7	0
21	2	2	1	2	7	2	3	0	3	3	6	3	11	1	4	4	2	4	9	3
22	2	3	2	2	9	0	3	2	2	3	8	4	1	2	4	7	0	5	0	2
23	2	4	3	2	10	2	3	4	1	3	10	4	3	3	4	9	2	5	3	1
24	2	6	0	3	0	0	[illegible]			4	0	4	6	0	5	0	0	5	6	0
25	2	7	1	3	1	2		7	3	4	2	4	8	1	5	2	2	5	8	3
26	2	8	2	3	3	0	3	9	2	4	4	4	10	2	5	5	0	5	11	2
27	2	9	3	3	4	2	3	11	1	4	6	5	0	3	5	7	2	6	2	1
28	2	11	0	3	6	0	4	1	0	4	8	5	3	0	5	10	0	6	5	0
42	4	4	2	5	3	0	6	1	2	7	0	7	10	1	8	9	0	9	7	1
56	5	10	0	7	0	0	8	2	0	9	4	10	6	0	11	8	0	12	10	0

Numb.	3d.	3¼d.		3½d.			3¾d.			4d.	4½d.			5d.	
	s. d.	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	q.	s. d.	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.
1	0 3	0	3	1	0	3	2	0	3	3	0 4	0	4	2	0	5
2	0 6	0	6	2	0	7	0	0	7	2	0 8	0	9	0	0	10
3	0 9	0	9	3	0	10	2	0	11	1	1 0	1	1	2	1	3
4	1 0	1	1	0	1	2	0	1	3	0	1 4	1	6	0	1	8
5	1 3	1	4	1	1	5	2	1	6	3	1 8	1	10	2	2	1
6	1 6	1	7	2	1	9	0	1	10	2	2 0	2	3	0	2	6
7	1 9	1	10	3	2	0	2	2	2	1	2 4	2	7	2	2	11
8	2 0	2	2	0	2	4	0	2	6	0	2 8	3	0	0	3	4
9	2 3	2	5	1	2	7	2	2	9	3	3 0	3	4	2	3	9
10	2 6	2	8	2	2	11	0	3	1	2	3 4	3	9	0	4	2
11	2 9	2	11	3	3	2	2	3	5	1	3 8	4	1	2	4	7
12	3 0	3	3	0	3	6	0	3	9	0	4 0	4	6	0	5	0
13	3 3	3	6	1	3	9	2	4	0	3	4 4	4	10	2	5	5
14	3 6	3	9	2	4	1	0	4	4	2	4 8	5	3	0	5	10
15	3 9	4	0	3	4	4	2	4	8	1	5 0	5	7	2	6	3
16	4 0	4	4	0	4	8	0	5	0	0	5 4	6	0	0	6	8
17	4 3	4	7	1	4	11	2	5	3	3	5 8	6	4	2	7	1
18	4 6	4	10	2	5	3	0	5	7	2	6 0	6	9	0	7	6
19	4 9	5	1	3	5	6	2	5	11	1	6 4	7	1	2	7	11
20	5 0	5	5	0	5	10	0	6	3	0	6 8	7	6	0	8	4
21	5 3	5	8	1	6	1	2	6	6	3	7 0	7	10	2	8	9
22	5 6	5	11	2	6	6	3	6	10	2	7 4	8	3	0	9	2
23	5 9	6	2	3	7	8	2	7	2	1	7 8	8	7	2	9	7
24	6 0	6	6	0	7	0	0	7	6	0	8 0	9	0	0	10	0
25	6 3	6	9	1	7	3	2	7	9	3	8 4	9	4	2	10	5
26	6 6	7	0	2	7	7	0	8	1	2	8 8	9	9	0	10	10
27	6 9	7	3	3	7	10	2	8	5	1	9 0	10	1	2	11	3
28	7 0	7	7	0	8	2	0	8	9	0	9 4	10	6	0	11	8
42	10 0	11	4	2	12	3	0	13	1	2	14 0	15	9	0	17	6
56	14 0	15	2	0	16	4	0	17	6	2	18 8	21	0	0	23	4

EXPLANATION:

The Price of any Number of Pounds, &c. to 28, is found by Inſpection only, in the Column under the Rate, oppoſite to the Number demanded: as for Example, if the Price of 17lb. of Beef at Three Pence Three Farthings he

Numb.	5½d.			6½d.			7d.		7½d.			8d.		8½d.		
	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	s.	d.	q.
1	0	5	2	0	6	2	0	7	0	7	2	0	8	0	8	2
2	0	11	0	1	1	0	1	2	1	3	0	1	4	1	5	0
3	1	4	2	1	7	2	1	9	1	10	2	2	0	2	1	2
4	1	10	0	2	2	0	2	4	2	6	0	2	8	2	10	0
5	2	3	2	2	8	2	2	11	3	1	2	3	4	3	6	2
6	2	9	0	3	3	0	3	6	3	9	0	4	0	4	3	0
7	3	2	2	3	9	2	4	1	4	4	2	4	8	4	11	2
8	3	8	0	4	4	0	4	8	5	0	0	5	4	5	8	0
9	4	1	2	4	10	2	5	3	5	7	2	6	0	6	4	2
10	4	7	0	5	5	0	5	10	6	3	0	6	8	7	1	0
11	5	0	2	5	11	2	6	5	6	10	2	7	4	7	9	2
12	5	6	0	6	6	0	7	0	7	6	0	8	0	8	6	0
13	5	11	2	7	0	2	7	7	8	1	2	8	8	9	2	2
14	6	5	0	7	7	0	8	2	8	9	0	9	4	9	11	0
15	6	10	2	8	1	2	8	9	9	4	2	10	0	10	7	2
16	7	4	0	8	8	0	9	4	10	0	0	10	8	11	4	0
17	7	9	2	9	2	2	9	11	10	7	2	11	4	12	0	2
18	8	3	0	9	9	0	10	6	11	3	0	12	0	12	9	0
19	8	8	2	10	3	2	11	1	11	10	2	12	8	13	5	2
20	9	2	0	10	10	0	11	8	12	6	0	13	4	14	2	0
21	9	7	2	11	4	2	12	3	13	1	2	14	0	14	10	2
22	10	1	0	11	11	0	12	10	13	9	0	14	8	15	7	0
23	10	6	2	12	5	2	13	5	14	4	2	15	4	16	3	2
24	11	0	0	13	3	0	14	0	15	0	0	16	0	17	0	0
25	11	5	2	13	6	2	14	7	15	7	2	16	8	17	8	2
26	11	11	0	14	1	0	15	2	16	3	0	17	4	18	5	0
27	12	4	2	14	7	2	15	9	16	10	2	18	0	19	1	2
28	12	10	0	15	2	0	16	4	17	6	0	18	8	19	10	0
42	19	3	0	22	9	0	24	6	26	3	0	28	0	29	9	0
56	25	8	0	30	4	0	32	8	35	0	0	37	4	39	8	0

wanted: under Three Pence Three Farthings in the Rate Line, and oppoſite to 17, you have 5s. 3d. Three Farthings, which is the juſt Value of the Piece of Beef.—The three laſt Numbers, viz. 28, 42, and 56, anſwer for 2, 3, and 4 Stones reſpectively, as well as for ſo many Yards, &c.

The MARKETING TABLE.

Nums.	9 d.	9½ d.			10 d.		10½ d.			11 d		11½ d.		
	s. d.	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	s.	d.	q.	s.	d.	s.	d.	q.
1	0 9	0	9	2	0	10	0	10	2	0	11	0	11	2
2	1 6	1	7	0	1	8	1	9	0	1	10	1	11	0
3	2 3	2	4	2	2	6	2	7	2	2	9	2	10	2
4	3 0	3	2	0	3	4	3	6	0	3	8	3	10	0
5	3 9	3	11	2	4	2	4	4	2	4	7	4	9	2
6	4 6	4	9	0	5	0	5	3	0	5	6	5	9	0
7	5 3	5	6	2	5	10	6	1	2	6	5	6	8	2
8	6 0	6	4	0	6	8	7	0	0	7	4	7	8	0
9	6 9	7	1	2	7	6	7	10	2	8	3	8	7	2
10	7 6	7	11	0	8	4	8	9	0	9	2	9	7	0
11	8 3	8	8	2	9	2	9	7	2	10	1	10	6	2
12	9 0	9	6	0	10	0	10	6	0	11	0	11	6	0
13	9 9	10	3	2	10	10	11	4	2	11	11	12	5	2
14	10 6	11	1	0	11	8	12	3	0	12	10	13	5	0
15	11 3	11	10	2	12	6	13	1	2	13	9	14	4	2
16	12 0	12	8	0	13	4	14	0	0	14	8	15	4	0
17	12 9	13	5	2	14	2	14	10	2	15	7	16	3	2
18	13 6	14	3	0	15	0	15	9	0	16	6	17	3	0
19	14 3	15	0	2	15	10	16	7	2	17	5	18	2	2
20	15 0	15	10	0	16	8	17	6	0	18	4	19	2	0
21	15 9	16	7	2	17	6	18	4	2	19	3	20	1	2
22	16 6	17	5	0	18	4	19	3	0	20	2	21	1	0
23	17 3	18	2	2	19	2	20	1	2	21	1	22	0	2
24	18 0	19	0	0	20	0	21	0	0	22	0	23	0	0
25	18 9	19	9	2	20	10	21	10	2	22	11	23	11	2
26	19 6	20	7	0	21	8	22	9	0	23	10	24	11	0
27	20 3	21	4	2	22	6	23	7	2	24	9	25	10	2
28	21 0	22	2	0	23	4	24	6	0	25	8	26	10	0
42	31 6	33	3	0	35	0	36	9	0	38	6	40	3	0
56	42 0	44	4	0	46	8	49	0	0	51	4	53	8	0

CHRONOLOGICAL NOTES in 1792.

Being the 40th of New-Style, (and the 32d of George III.)

Dominical Letter	A G	Aſcenſion Day	May 17
Golden Number	7	Whitſunday	May 27
EPACT	6	Trinity Sunday	June 3
Aſh Wedneſday	Feb. 22	Advent Sunday	Dec. 2
EASTER DAY	April 8		

Birth-Days and Years of the Royal Family of G. Britain.

KING Geo. III.	June 4, 1738	P. Aug. Fred.	Jan. 27, 1773
P. of Wales,	Aug. 12, 1762	P. Adolph. Fred.	Feb. 24, 1774
D. of York,	Aug. 16, 1763	Prs. Mary,	April 25, 1776
D. of Clarence,	Aug. 21, 1765	Prs. Sophia,	Nov. 2, 1777
Prs Charl. A. M	Sept. 29, 1766	Prs. Amelia,	Aug. 7, 1783
Prince Edward,	Nov. 2, 1767		
Prs. So. Auguſta,	Nov. 8, 1768	Qu. Charlotte,	May 16, 1744
Prs. Elizabeth,	May 22, 1770	Prs A. of Bruſ.	Aug. 11, 1737
Pr. Er. Auguſtus,	June 5, 1771	D. of Glouceſter,	Nov. 25, 1743

Birth of the principal Sovereigns of Europe.

KING of Pruſſia	1744	Queen of Portugal	1734
Grand Signior	1761	Emperor of Germany	1747
King of Spain	1748	King of Sweden	1746
Pius VI. Pope	1717	m. V. Stadtholder	1748
King of Sardinia	1726	King of Denmark	1749
Empreſs of Ruſſia	1729	K. of the Two Sicilies	1751
King of Poland	1732	King of France	1754

RULES for finding the Moveable Feaſts and Holidays.

EASTER is always the firſt Sunday after the firſt Full Moon, upon or next after March 21; if the Full Moon is on a Sunday, Eaſter is the Sunday following.

Septuageſima S.	9 Weeks	bef. Eaſt.	Rog. Sun.	5 W.	after Eaſt.
Sexageſima	8		Aſc. Day	40 D.	
Quinquageſima	7		Whitſun.	7 W.	
Quadrageſima	6		Trin. Sun.	8 W.	

Advent Sun. the neareſt Sun. to the Feaſt of St. Andrew.
Corpus Chriſti always the Thurſday after Trin. Sun.

A TABLE

Of the Moveable FEASTS for 26 Years.

Year of Our Lord	Dominical Letter	Septuagesima Sunday	Easter Day	Rogation Sunday	Ascension Day	Whitsunday	Advent Sund.
1785	B	Jan. 23	Mar. 27	1	5	15	27
1786	A	Feb. 12	Apr. 16	21	25	June 4	Dec. 3
1787	G	4	8	13	17	May 27	2
1788	FE	Jan. 20	Mar. 23	Apr 24	1	11	Nov. 30
1789	D	Feb. 8	Apr 12	May 16	21	31	29
1790	C	Jan 31	4	9	13	23	28
1791	B	Feb 20	24	29	June 2	June 12	27
1792	AG	5	8	13	May 17	May 27	Dec. 2
1793	F	Jan. 27	Mar. 31	5	9	19	1
1794	E	Feb. 16	Apr. 20	25	29	June 8	Nov. 30
1795	D	1	5	10	14	May 24	29
1796	CB	Jan. 24	Mar. 27	1	5	15	27
1797	A	Feb. 12	Apr. 16	21	25	June 4	Dec. 3
1798	G	4	8	13	17	May 27	2
1799	F	Jan 20	Mar 24	Apr. 28	2	12	1
1800	E	Feb. 9	Apr. 13	May 18	22	Jun 1	Nov. 30
1801	D	1	5	10	14	May 24	29
1802	C	14	18	23	27	June 6	28
1803	B	6	10	15	19	May 26	27
1804	AG	Jan. 29	1	6	10	20	Dec. 2
1805	F	Feb. 11	12	17	21	June 30	Nov. 29
1806	E	Jan. 27	Mar. 29	3	7	May 17	28
1807	D	Feb. 16	Apr 19	24	28	June 7	27
1808	CB	1	4	10	14	May 24	Dec. 1
1809	A	Jan. 27	Mar. 29	3	7	17	Nov. 29
1810	G	Feb. 15	Apr. 12	17	21	June 30	27

An exact TABLE of the Roads from LONDON to EDINBURGH

North Road.

To Barnet	11	11
Hatfield	8	19
Stevenage	12	31
Biggleſwade	15	46
Bugdon	16	62
Stilton	13	75
Stamford	14	89
Grantham	21	110
Newark	14	124
Tuxford	13	137
Bawtry	15	152
Doncaſter	8	160
Ferry-bridge*	14	175
Weatherby	16	191
Borough-bridge†	12	203
Northallerton	20	223
Darlington	15	238
Durham	18	256
NEWCASTLE	15	271
Morpeth	15	286
Alnwick	19	305
Belford	14	319
Berwick	15	334
Old Cambus	17	351
Dunbar	10	361
Haddington	11	372
EDINBURGH	17	389

* From this place by York to Northallerton, is 53 miles viz. 12 to Tadcaſter, 9 to York, 13 to Eaſingwood, 10 to Thirſk, and 9 to Northallerton—So to go by way of York is 5 miles about from the high poſt road.

Weſt Road.

To Barnet	11	11
St Albans	10	21
Dunſtable	13	34
Stony Stratford	18	52
Towceſter	8	60
Dunchurch	20	80
Coventry	11	91
Coles Hill	12	102
Litchfield	15	117
Stone	23	140
Newc. under Line	9	149
Leſtock	22	171
Newton	17	188
Wiggan	7	195
Preſton	17	212
Garſtang	12	223
Lancaſter	10	233
Burton	11	244
Kendal	12	256
Penrith	27	283
Carliſle	18	301
Alliſon Bank	12	313
Lockerby	4	327
Moffat	15	342
Beild	17	359
Lintown	16	375
EDINBURGH	16	391

Borough-bridge to Penrith.

† Catterick	22	22
Gretabridge	15	37
Brough	18	95
Penrith	22	77

TABLE of PRECEDENCY among LADIES.

THE queen
The princeſs of Wales
Princeſſes of the Royal Family
Ducheſſes of the Blood
Ducheſſes
Wives of the eldeſt ſons of dukes of the Blood
Daughters of dukes of the Blood
Marchioneſſes
Wives of the eldeſt ſons of dukes
Daughters of dukes
Counteſſes
Wives of the eldeſt ſons of marquiſſes
Daughters of marquiſſes
Wives of the younger ſons of dukes
Viſcounteſſes
Wives of the eldeſt ſons of earls
Daughters of earls
Wives of the younger ſons of marquiſſes
Baroneſſes
Wives of the eldeſt ſons of viſcounts
Daughters of viſcounts
Wives of the younger ſons of earls
Wives of the eldeſt ſons of barons
Daughters of barons
Wives of the younger ſons of viſcounts
Wives of the younger ſons of barons
Wives of baronets
Wives of privy counſellors, commoners
Wives of judges of the law, according to their huſband's rank
Wives of knights of the garter
Wives of knights of the bath
Wives of knights of the thiſtle
Wives of knights bachelors
Wives of general officers and admirals
Wives of the eldeſt ſons of baronets
Daughters of baronets
Wives of the eldeſt ſons of knights of the garter
Daughters of knights of the garter
Wives of the eldeſt ſons of knights of the bath
Daughters of knights of the bath
Wives of the eldeſt ſons of knights bachelors
Daughters of knights bachelors
Wives of the younger ſons of baronets
Wives of eſquires by creation
Wives of eſquires by office
Wives of gentlemen
Daughters of eſquires
Daughters of gentlemen
Wives of citizens
Wives of burgeſſes

G	F	E	D	C	B	A
Sunday	*Monday*	*Tueſd.*	*Wed.*	*Thurſ.*	*Friday*	*Satur.*
April	*Septem.*	*June*	*Feb.*	*Auguſt*	*May*	*Jan.*
July	*Decem.*	*June*	*March Nov.*	*Auguſt*	*May*	*October*
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	00	00	00	00	00

EXPLANATION.

Look for the Dominical Letter for the Year, and underneath it ſtands the Day of the Week, which all the Figures in the Table ſhew to be ſuch Days of the Month under which they ſtand.—In ſhort, whatever Day ſtands under the Dominical Letter, all the Figures in the Table will be the ſame Day of the Week in each Month under which they ſtand reſpectively. But it muſt be obſerved that in Leap Year there are two Dominical Letters, the firſt of which ſerves for January and February only, and the other to the Year's End.

In the preſent Year 1793, F is the Dominical Letter, under which ſtands Monday, which ſhews that all the other Dates in the Table are Mondays for the Year 1793.

JANUARY 1, to

Week 1	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	Tu. January 1.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

JANUARY 7, to

Week 2]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 7
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

JANUARY 14, to

Week 3]	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 14
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

JANUARY 21, to

Week 4	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

JANUARY 27, 1793

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 21
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

JANUARY 28, to

Week 5]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 28
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F. February 1.
			Sa.
			Su.

Week 6]	Account of Cash.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 4
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

Week 7)	Account of Cash.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

Paid. | MEMORANDUM BOOK.

M. 11.

Tu.

W.

Th.

F

Sa.

Su.

JANUARY 18, to

Week 3	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 18
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

FEBRUARY 25, to

Week 9]	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 25
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F. March 1.
	Sa.
	Su.

MARCH 4, to

Week 10	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

MARCH 10, 1793

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 4
	Ta.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

M A R C H 11, to

Week 11]	Account of CASH	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

d.	Paid.		Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 14
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

MARCH 18, to

Week 12	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 18
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

MARCH 18, to

Week 12]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.			MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
			M. 18
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

MARCH 25, to

Week 13	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS AND REMARKS.
	M. 25.
	T.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

APRIL 1, to

Week 14]	Account of Cash.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

APRIL 7, 1793.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. April 1.
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

A P R I L 8, to

Week 15]	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 8
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

APRIL 1[illegible]

Week 16,	Account of Cash.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M. 15
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

APRIL 22, to

Week 17]	Account of CASH.	Received.		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 22
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

APRIL 29, to

Week 18]	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 29
	Tu.
	W. May 1.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

MAY 6, to

Week 19	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash n Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M. 6
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

MAY 13, to

Week 20]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 13
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

MAY 20, to

Week 21]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

M A Y 26, 1793.

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 20
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

M A Y 27, to

Week 22	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M. 27
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa. JUNE 1.
	Su.

JUNE 3, to

Week 23]	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.			MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
			M. 3
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

JUNE 10, to

Week 24]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M. 10
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

JUNE 17, to

Week 25	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M 17
			T.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

JUNE 24, to

Week 26]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 24
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

JULY 1, to

Week 27]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

JULY 1, 1793.

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. July 1.
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

JULY 8, to

Week 28	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 8
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa. June 1.
	Su.

JULY 15, to

Week 29]	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

JULY 21, 1803

Paid.			MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
			M. 15
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

JULY 22, to

Week 30]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M. 22
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

JULY 29, to

Week 31	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 29
	Tu.
	W.
	Th. August 1.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

AUGUST 5, to

Week [2]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 5
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

AUGUST 12, to

Week 33]	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 12
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

AUGUST 19, to

Week 34	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 19
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa. JUNE 1.
	Su.

Week 35]	Account of CASH.	Received.	
	Brought over £		
	Cash in Hand		
	Total £		

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M. 20
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su. SEPTEMBER 1.

SEPTEMBER 2, to

Week 36]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M. 2
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

SEPTEMBER 9, to

Week 37	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M 9
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

SEPTEMBER 16, to

Week 38 Account of Cash.	Received.
Brought over £	
Caſh in Hand	
Total £	

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M. 19
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

SEPTEMBER 23, to

Week 39]	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 23
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

SEPTEMBER 30, to

Week 40	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.			MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
			M. 30
			Tu. OCTOBER 1.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

OCTOBER 7, to

Week 41]	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.			MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
			M. 7
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Su.
			Su. SEPTEMBER 1.

Week 42	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.				MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
				M. 14
				Tu.
				W.
				Th.
				F.
				Sa.
				Su.

OCTOBER 21, to

Week 43	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.			MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
			M. 21
			T.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

Week 44]	Account of Cash.	Received		
	Brought over £			
	Cash in Hand			
	Total £			

Paid.			MEMORANDUMS AND REMARKS.
			M. 28
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F. NOVEMBER 1.
			Sa.
			Su.

NOVEMBER 4, to

Week 45]	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	Memorandums and Remarks.
	M. 4
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

NOVEMBER 11, 20

Week 46	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 11
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

NOVEMBER 18, to

Week 47]	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 18
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

Week 48]	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M. 25
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su. DECEMBER 1.

DECEMBER 2, to

Week 49	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M 2
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

DECEMBER 9, to

Week 50	Account of Cash.	Received	
	Brought over £		
	Cash in Hand		
	Total £		

Paid.			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 9
			Tu.
			W.
			Th.
			F.
			Sa.
			Su.

DECEMBER 16, to

Week 51	Account of Cash.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

DECEMBER 22, 1793.

Paid.				Memorandums and Remarks.
				M. 10
				Tu.
				W.
				Th.
				F.
				Sa.
				Su.

DECEMBER 23, to

Week 52	Account of CASH.	Received.
	Brought over £	
	Cash in Hand	
	Total £	

Paid.	MEMORANDUMS and REMARKS.
	M. 23
	Tu.
	W.
	Th.
	F.
	Sa.
	Su.

DECEMBER 30, to

Account of CASH.	Received.
Brought over £	
Cash in Hand	
Total £	

Paid			Memorandums and Remarks.
			M. 30
			Tu. 31

MEMORANDUMS at the End of the Year 1793.

REMARKS at the End of the Year 1793.

ANSWERS to ALL the ENIGMAS

IN THE

LADIES' OWN MEMORANDUM-BOOK,

1792.

1. FAITH §
2. Character §
3. A Swallow §
4. The Tongue §
5. A Poet §
6. A Diphthong §
7. Paper
8. A Barrel Churn
9. A Spider
10. A Petticoat
11. A Cuckoo

ANSWERS to the CHARADES.

1. A Sonnet. | 2. Sunday. | 3. Watch-word.

THE POETASTER.

A Solution of all the Enigmas and Charades in the Ladies' Own Memorandum-Book, 1792.

By SEMPRONIUS.

ALTHO' no *Poet*'s frenzy roll's my eye, E. 5
To ſolve each myſtic riddle I will try:
But firſt ſome virgin *Paper* hither bring— 7
For, without paper, where's the Muſe to ſing?
Now ſtor'd with all the tools that bards can handle,
And ſnugly ſeated by my farthing candle,

Declare your wiſh—depend you may upon it—
I'll give you Epic high, or lowly *Sonnet.* C. 1
Nor think that vanity inflames my *Tongue,* E. 4
Or what the Muſe may ſay ſhall not be ſung:
I here declare, I ſwear it by Apollo,
And all the bleſſings that his godſhip follow,
That Grub ſtreet ſelf, in all its rhyming glory,
Never appear'd in brighter paumes before ye.
But wherefore ſeem to doubt ye my profeſſion,
And call the poet's plea a vile aggreſſion?
My *Faith* you ſafe may truſt,—altho' my rags 1
Declare no kindred to the rich man's bags.
If Horace better raiſe your laugh than I,—
Remember, Horace drank his wine when dry:
I from the *Churn* my humble bev'rage drain,— 8
But fam'd Falernian warm'd the Mantuan ſwain.
Sometimes a *Coat* I boaſt, and ſometimes not: 10
My lonely reſidence a ſtraw-roof'd cot;
Where his dun ſnare the wily *Spider* weaves, 9
Which ſoon of life the flutt'ring fly bereaves.
Unknown alike to Fortune and to Fame,
And wiſhing not the whiſtling of a *Name,* 2
In ſober quiet let me paſs my days,
'Verſe all my buſ'neſs, all my pleaſure lays.'
And when the *Cuckoo's* note proclaims the ſpring, 11
And twitt'ring *Swallows* on my chimney ſing, 3
The gen'ral chorus grateful let me join,
And pour my *letter'd* off'ring at the ſhrine 6
Of univerſal Wiſdom, ſmiling round
In all the laviſh beauties of the ground.
Warn'd by the village bell, on *Sunday* morn, C. 2
At church let piety my ſoul adorn;
Huſh'd be each rebel doubt and coward fear—
Truth ſhall the *Watch-word* be, and Bliſs her ſtandard rear. 3

NEW

NEW ENIGMAS.

ENIGMA I.

By Dr. Conundrum Cotherstoniensis.

YE lovely fair, whom wond'ring swains admire,
Who thro' my aid beam forth a soft desire,—
O! use me oft, to drive away Despair,
And soothe the rugged frown of carking Care!
Led on by me, what bliss you can impart,
To please your lovers, and ensnare the heart.
When the Almighty caus'd these spheres to move,
And fram'd the massy worlds which roll above,—
When man was formed from the grov'ling dust,
And woman made his partner and his trust,
Jehovah view'd with me his acts divine,
And saw thro' all the work the Godhead shine.
When Desolation spreads her hand around,
When dire Confusion tears the fertile ground,
When Sickness seizes on the clay-clad load,
Or when the soul converses with its God,
I fly away! altho' the fainted face
My beauteous form with modest charms can grace.
'Tis said, I aid the vile sarcastic sneer,
And help the scoffer's rude dogmatic jeer.
Cut off my head, and I no longer please,
Tho' some can pass me o'er with wond'rous ease;
Cut once again, and I appear with grace,
And in the holy temple claim a place.
In me you may the glorious God adore,
And with religious wonder humbly pore.

ENIGMA II.

By the ſame.

YE beauteous nymphs, adorn'd with every grace,
Of poliſh'd manners, and of blooming face,—
Whoſe matchleſs charms might ſweeter ſtrains inſpire
And wake to ecſtaſy the Muſe's lyre,—
O! to that Muſe's artleſs tale attend—
She paints a graceful, ornamental friend.
Ye gen'rous Nine, from Heliconian bowers,
Exhale the ſweets of aromatic flowers.
On me your rich ambroſial eſſence ſhed,
And add new luſtre to my bluſhing head.
When ſummer ſuns the genial heat renew,
I ſhew my form, and ſhed my balmy dew.
When gentle zephyrs fan the tepid air,
I grace the boſom of Lauretta fair;
Perhaps, a gift, by ſighing Strephon made,
Who caught me paſſing thro' the lonely glade.
But when ye ſnatch me from the parent dear,
Be cautious, leſt you ſhed th' enſanguin'd tear;
With dreadful arms he brandiſhes his darts,
To wound your fingers, not your tender hearts.
Then gueſs my name; and may I ever prove
A faithful preſent from the ſwain you love.

ENIGMA III.

By JOHN JOHNSON, of Witton.

I'M known to be of worth and note,
For I've been often ſold and bought:
The king, the queen, and prince, muſt be,
With ſuſtenance, ſupply'd by me.
Ye tenants of my lord, come ſay,
How you attend me ev'ry day;

And in what hues you have me ſeen,—
As white and yellow, black and green.
Perhaps, there may be at my ſide
The flowing and the ebbing tide:
But when you pleaſe to take the air,
You may be ſafe in me, ye fair;
For I'm no fickle thing, nor feign'd,
But was before Benhadad reign'd,
The ſcripture ſpeaks of me as ſuch,
Which may engroſs the heart too much,
And cauſe the mind to deviate
Into a more ſupine eſtate,
And fancy perfect bliſſes here,
Which only in the garden were.
The blame is not in me, but them:
Next year, dear ladies, ſhew my name.

ENIGMA IV.

By Miſs J. Campbell, of Bſhopwearmouth.

AGAIN, gentle ladies, a ſuppliant I come,
In hopes you'll allow me a piece of your room;
Whilſt I my atchievements and nature expreſs,—
And until the next ſeaſon will give you to gueſs.
I am the promoter of good and of ill,
Of vice and of virtue, of jargon and ſkill,
Of wiſdom and folly, of peace and of ſtrife,
And am found with the matron, maid, widow, and wife:
With kings, and with queens, and with beggars, I dwell;
And am found in the palace, the cottage and cell;
The deſtitute orphan, the heireſs alſo,
I always attend on, wherever they go:
The proſtitute female, and innocent maid,
By me are directed, are led, and miſled:
With topers and hermits I ever am found,—
And where plotters aſſemble I greatly abound.

ENIGMA V.

By Amicus of Newcaſtle.

WHEN the Almighty fiat firſt was given,
To form the ſpacious orb, and ſpread the heaven;
When chaos firſt, from its inactive ſtate,
Roſe to an univerſe, majeſtic, great,—
My pow'r appear'd. 'Twas then at firſt by me,
Beauty and order roſe in high degree:
By me the planets in their order roll—
My influence wide extends from pole to pole:
By me the comets their vaſt journies run,
And trace their trackleſs orbs around the ſun:
Each rolling orb is ſubject to my law;
Each revolution is the line I draw,
I aid the clouds to float along the ſky,
And teach theſe rolling rivers how to fly:
By me the rain deſcends in fruitful ſhowers,
To bleſs the earth, and make it teem with flow'rs.
Say ye, who oft explore the learned page
Of *Newton*, wonder of each riſing age!
What is my name? Ye fair, pray now declare:
T'explain my laws, be it your conſtant care.

ENIGMA VI.

By Miſs C. Nicholson, of the Low-lights.

YE prying wits, whoſe genius often ſoars
To Aſia's realms or Europe's fertile ſhores,
Attentive be, whilſt I my tale relate,
And hear my mournful ditty and my fate.
When bright Aurora, goddeſs of the morn,
With lovely bluſhes does the Eaſt adorn,
I then appear more charming to behold
Than tempting ſilver or the burniſh'd gold.

B

But ſhort my durance. I on earth remain,
And ſuffer, as if under Pluto's reign;
Faſten'd with cords, I am in priſon caſt—
(Oh! of my troubles were but theſe the laſt!)
But there confin'd, I bear more hardſhips far,
Than ſavage monſters or the ſcenes of war:
From hence I am convey'd, without a ſmile
To climes more ſcorching than Sumatra's iſle,—
Or elſe where roaring waters roughly glide,
Govern'd by Neptune, o'er the foaming tide:—
Yet, for theſe ſuff'rings, I at laſt advance
Beyond the pow'r of Pruſſia or of France:
Nor you, ye lovely fair, take it amiſs,
But me permit your roſy lips to kiſs:
The king, the ſenate, and the country ſwain,
Approve my virtues. Now my name explain.

ENIGMA VII.

By W. MURRAY, of Hallington.

MY grandſire's curſed long ago:
I'm child to one leads men to woe;
And yet I'm juſt and wiſely ſent
Man's endleſs ruin to prevent.
Who need me moſt, do me deſpiſe:
I'm only welcome to the wiſe:
And tho' the latter me embrace,
They never love to ſee my face.
Great kings have conquer'd been my me,
And captives made, yet thus ſet free:
I've vanquiſh'd heroes of great fame,
And theſe ev'n glory'd in the ſame.
Perhaps no bliſs, no real reſt,
To him my parent is a gueſt:
And when I bring the greateſt joy,
'Tis when my parent I deſtroy.

ENIGMA

ENIGMA VIII.

By Miss C. Nicholson, of the Low-lights.

JE vole au gré des vents, et si je prends repos,
Il n'est pas de beaux lis que ma blancheur ne'ſt face,
Des campagnes alors je change la ſurface;
Le laboureur me voit ſeconder ſes travaux,
Tantôt pouſſière et tantôt corps ſolide
Je perds mon nom, mon force et ma couleur,
Je me diſſipe, ou je deirens liquide,
Et des fleuves tardifs je hate la lenteur.

CHARADE I.

By Amicus, of Newcaſtle.

MY *firſt*, of man a vital part,
Is cloſe connected with the heart;
My *next*, a gen'ral name for pain,
Of which old people much complain;
My *whole*, ye fair ones, when ye read,
Will often creep into the head.

CHARADE II.

By John Johnson, of Witton.

INconſtant *firſt*, which mounts and mounds confine;
My *ſecond*'s plac'd before the choiceſt wine;
My whole is fix'd on Tyne, and Tees, and Wear,—
Whoſe fertile banks the loaden veſſels cheer.

CHARADE

CHARADE III.

By Miſs J. Campbell, of Biſhopwearmouth.

MY *firſt*'s an aſylum for rich and for poor:
My *ſecond* embraces our feet;
My *whole*, (without tongue) in words ſo demure,
Acquaints us with Jaqueline's fate.

CHARADE IV.

By Dr. Conundrum Cotherstoniensis.

MY *firſt*'s a falſe tale, oft is us'd by my *next*,
Who with dreſſing and ſcenting is ſorely perplext;
My *whole*, lovely fair ones, attends on your call,
When you go to the op'ra, playhouſe, or ball.

CHARADE V.

By the ſame.

MY glorious *firſt* rides through the ſpacious ſky,
With beam refulgent, and conſpicuous far;
My *next* in torpid ſtate is doom'd to lie,
Yet conquers potent kings and queens in war;
My happy *whole* alleviate diſtreſs,
And gives the widow's woes divine redreſs.

ANSWERS

ANSWERS to all the REBUSSES

In the last Year's LADIES' OWN MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

1. PHILLIPSON
2. Mary Dunn
3. Love
4. Love
5. Laidler of Shelfwell
6. Back
7. Havelock
8. Mary Hedley

AN EPISTLE FROM ELIZA.

Answering all the Rebusses of last Year.

TO you, dear *Phillipson*, I write
(My own and every one's delight)
To know how well you fare;
To tell you how I pass my time,
How much I read, how much I rhyme,
And how I dress my hair.

Methinks you look a little grave,
And seem to wonder I should rave
About such toys as these:
You wish to know if *Love* has hit
The hearts of your young friends as yet,
And how *that* toy may please.

Fair *Hedley*, then, if you must know,
Has flung the bosom of a beau
With Cupid's keenest dart;
The fearless urchin fought his shaft,
Survey'd the wound, and sneer'd, and laugh'd
At all the poignant smart.

Miſs *Havelock* can her conqueſts boaſt,
(*Black* gave her as his deareſt toaſt
The other night in wine)
A lady, every one muſt own,
Of merit to adorn a crown,
And in a court to ſhine.

Dunn, too, the ſprightly and the gay,
With hearts a ſcore has run away:
But *Laidler* is the chief:
So ſtrong the ſorc'ry of her charms,
The virgins ſtale are all in arms,
And call her 'witching thief.

AN ACROSTIC.

Anſwering Rebus 8 of laſt Year.

By AMICUS.

MAY ſhe, whoſe ſmiles create a ſoft regard,
Attend with rapture to the tale of love,—
Repay with pleaſure ev'ry due reward,
Youth, ſympathiſing, claims from mighty Jove:—
How would the flame, the breath of chaſte deſire,
Enraptur'd, kindle, from the ſmalleſt ſpark;
Delight and joy would blow the veſtal fire,
Light'ning the lamp, ſo long obſcure and dark.
Envy ſtruck dumb each ſtaring goblin flies:—
You'll gueſs the object of the quick ſurprize.

NEW

NEW REBUSSES.

REBUS I. By JOHN JOHNSON.

THE man who founded famous Rome reveal,
A veſſel that doth human duſt conceal,
A pleaſing paſſion every one ſhould know,
And a ſmall fiſh in ſtreams and brooks below:
Theſe four initials, rightly join'd, will prove
The guide by which we erring mortals move.

REBUS II. By the ſame.

A Lowly ſhrub, a tow'ring tree,
A charm in maids which captures me:
Join theſe initials; then you'll find
The peſts of human race combin'd.

REBUS III. By Dr. CONUNDRUM COTHERSTONIENSIS.

THE place where hoſtile armies lay,
Fatigu'd with fighting thro' the day:
The noiſy thing, whoſe conſtant care
Oft ſummons us to public pray'r:
Join theſe,—and hail a worthy youth,
Who wiſhes to explore the truth,—
Whoſe lectures ſage advice impart,
To pleaſe and captivate the heart.

REBUS IV. By the ſame.

MENŒTIUS' ſon, by valiant Hector ſlain;
The Lydian queen Alcides ſtrove to gain;

Leda's twin ſon, of fam'd athletic art;
The Muſe invok'd by ev'ry love-ſick heart;
The initials join,—and hail a ſkilful bard,
Whoſe virtuous merits claim a juſt reward:
O! would the Muſes but my breaſt inſpire,
To emulate his grand poetic fire.

REBUS V. By Amicus, of Newcaſtle.

TO four-ſixths of a liquor that's pleaſant to drink,
Add the half of a thing which who worſhips we blame;
An indefinite article will, as I think,
Being added, point out an illuſtrious name.

REBUS VI. By Miſs J. Campbell, of Biſhopwearmouth.

WHAT does the needy trav'ller much diſtreſs;
What cheers the mind when direful ills oppreſs;
What charms the good, the virtuous, and the brave;
What reſtleſs epicures can never have;
What truth and virtue cauſe us ſtill to prize:
What gains alike the fooliſh and the wiſe:
Theſe letters join'd, will name a youth,
Of manly, graceful air;
Whoſe candour charms the ſons of truth,
And captivates the fair.

REBUS VII. By the ſame.

WHAT virgins often wiſh to be,
What winter does produce,
What gains reſpect by land or ſea,
What meets with much abuſe:
Join theſe initials,—and you'll find
A lady, good and wiſe;

Whoſe beauteo s form, whoſe gen'rous mind,
And friendſhip, I much prize.

REBUS VIII. By W. MURRAY, of Hallington.

WHAT flies from, yet wags hands with man,
While quadrupeds do lead the van;
A place where Bacchus' ſons do feaſt,
And oft to Venus form requeſt;
An awful word to ſons of Vice,
But joy to heirs of Paradiſe;
What poets paint all over bare,
Save on the face a little hair;
What we ſhould not when woo'd to ſin,
If we celeſtial joys would win:
Theſe initials, in their places,
Will ſhew a grand compound of graces.

☞ The beſt poetical Solutions to the foregoing Enigmas, &c. before May-day next, will entitle their reſpective Authors to a Chance, by Lot, of ſix, four, and two Ladies-Own Memorandum-Books.—The Prizes for the Anſwers laſt Year (only two of which could be inſerted) fell, by Lot, to Sempronius, *ſix*; Eliza, *four*; Amicus, *two*;—who are deſired to ſend for them to the Publiſhers.

FAVOURITE

FAVOURITE NEW SONGS,

SUNG IN THE YEAR 1792,

At the public Places of Entertainment in and about LONDON.

I LOVE THEM ALL.

Compoſed by Mr Hook—The words by Mr. Harriſon.

SOME men with rapture view no cheeks,
Save where the roſe the lily ſtreaks;
And ſome no force of beauty own,
Except where each is ſeen alone:
So nice their taſte, they ſcarce can find
A ſingle fair one to their mind.
Leſs ſqueamiſh far the ſex I love;
And, like the bee, to all I rove.
Be they brown, or red, or white,—
Woman, woman's my delight;
Plump or ſlender, ſhort or tall,—
If they're kind, I love them all.

Where'er good-humour's ſun I ſee,
That face poſſeſſes charms for me;
And ſtill I find, in ev'ry fair,
Some ſecret treaſure, rich and rare,—
In ſhape, in ſize, in air, in hue,
A ſomething pleaſing ſtill I view;
While fragrant breath and heav'nly voice,
Teeth, lips, or eyes, aſſiſt my choice.
Be they brown, or red, &c.

Then let let no coxcomb, pert and vain,
Of ſhape or features dare complain,
Nor fill his empty head with whim—
The worſt is far too good for him:
For men of ſenſe and worth can find,
In form, complexion, or in mind,
Each of the lovely ſex poſſeſs
Some charm the wiſeſt man to bleſs.
Be they brown, or red, &c.

CONTENT AND A COT.

Compoſed by Mr. Hook—The words by Mr. Harriſon.

I Have look'd into life; and with truth I can ſay,
I find higheſt bliſs lies in lowlieſt lot:
From my breaſt drive the dæmon of pride far away;
And give me, kind heav'n, content and a cot.

If fix'd on a plain or a hillock's green ſide,
In a valley, a wood, or a dale, matters not:
From oppreſſion and falſehood, O let me but hide;
And give me, kind heav'n, content and a cot.

May I ne'er expect cloathing or food without toil,
Or covet the wealth that's diſhoneſtly got:
Tho' man be ungrateful, not ſo is the ſoil;
And give me, kind heav'n, content and a cot.

In the ſweat of my brow, make me till my ſcant ground,
To raiſe fruits and herbs, for the diſh or the pot;
While my innocent babes with my lambs frolic round;
And give us, kind heav'n, content in our cot.

With the wife of my youth till old age let me live,
And ſoothe each ſad pang that's the ſex's hard lot;

The

The errors of each teach us each to forgive;
And grant us, kind Heav'n, content in our cot.

Thus, as life wears away, let us live free from blame;
Our love never cool, nor our anger e'er hot:
May our girls and our boys prove precisely the same;
Then grant them, kind Heav'n, content and a cot.

THE SEA-WORN TAR.

Compoſed by Mr. Hook.

THE ſea-worn tar, whom peace nor war,
To ſmile or tear could move,
Turning his quid with moiſten'd lid,
Bewails his abſent love;
But home again, forgets his pain
And ſeeks his faithful laſs;
Lock'd in her arms enjoys her charms,
And fills the ſparkling glaſs.

THE POOR RECRUIT.

The Words by Savile Carey.

AS I've plodded my way to ſome far country town
Full many a weariſome day,
My purſe has contain'd but a ſcanty half-crown,
And that as ſoon melted away.

Oft tir'd and ſad, on ſome wint'ry road,
With rain I've been wet to the ſkin;
Of my knapſack grown tir'd, I've ſought for abode
At ſome friendly good alehouſe or inn.

I've hop'd that good Fortune, in turning her wheel,
Would caſt me, perchance, on the place;

Where the wound of my boſom would inſtantly heal
At the ſight of my Sally's dear face.

She grieves; for ſhe knows how I'm deſtin'd to roam,
On the ſtrength of my furlough to reſt;
And then ſhe oft wiſhes her Allen at home,
To bury his cares in her breaſt.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

Written and compoſed by Mr. Dibdin.

I That once was a ploughman, a ſailor am now,
No lark that aloft in the ſky,
E'er flutter'd his wings to give ſpeed to the plough,
Was ſo gay and ſo careleſs as I;
But my friend was a carpenter aboard a king's ſhip,
And he aſk'd me to go juſt to ſea for a trip;
And he talk'd of ſuch things,
As if ſailors were kings,—
And ſo teaſing did keep,
That I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep.
No longer the horn
Call'd me up in the morn:
I truſted the carpenter and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

I did not much like for to be aboard a ſhip,
When in danger there's no door to creep out;
I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and flip,
But I did not like rocking about:
By and by came a hurricane, I did not like that,
Next a battle that many a ſailor laid flat;
Ah! cry'd I, who would roam,
That like me had a home,
When I'd ſow and I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep;

Where

Where ſweetly the horn,
Ca l'd me up in the morn,
Ere I truſted the carpenter and the inconſtant wind
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

At laſt ſafe I landed, and in a whole ſkin,
Nor did I make any long ſtay;
Ere I found by a friend, who I ax'd for my kin,
Father dead, and my wife ran away:
Ah! who but thyſelf, ſaid I, haſt thou to blame,
Wives looſing their huſbands oft looſe their good name,
Ah! why did I roam,
When ſo happy at home;
I could ſow and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep;
When ſo ſweetly the horn
Call'd me up in the morn.
Curſe light upon the carpenter and the inconſtant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.

Why if that be the caſe, ſaid this very ſame friend,
And you ben't no more minded to roam,
Gis a ſhake by the fiſt, all your care's at an end—
Dad's alive, and your wife's ſafe at home.
Stark ſtaring with joy, I leap'd out of my ſkin,—
Buſs'd my wife, mother, ſiſter, and all of my kin.
Now cry'd I, let them roam
Who want a good home,
I am well, ſo I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep.
Once more ſhall the horn
Call me up in the morn:
Nor ſhall any damn'd carpenter, nor the inconſtant wind,
Ere tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

THE MATCH GIRL.

Compoſed by a Lady.

COME, buy of poor Mary—good m tches I ſell—
Thro' London's fam'd city I'm known mighty well:
Tho' my heart is quite ſunk, yet I conſtantly cry,
Come, who'll buy my matches; who'll buy, who'll buy;
Come, who'll buy my matches.

Friends and parents I've none; I ne'er ſaw their face;
I wander about, the poor child of diſgrace:
Yet, tho' poor, I am honeſt, and oft heave a ſigh
While crying my matches—who'll buy, &c.

My equals deſpiſe me, and ſay I am proud,
Becauſe I avoid them, and keep from the croud:
From wicked temptations I ever will fly,
I live by my matches—who'll buy, &c.

Alone and unpity'd, I'm look'd on with ſcorn:
Ah! better for me, had I never been born.
Here I ſue for protection; while plaintive I cry,
Come, who'll buy my matches; who'll buy, &c.

THIS LIFE IS LIKE A TROUBLED SEA.

Compoſed by Mr. Dibdin.

THIS life is like a troubled ſea;
Where helm a-weather or a-lea,
The ſhip will neither ſtay nor wear,
But drives, of ev'ry rock in fear.
All ſeamanſhip in vain we try:
We cannot keep her ſteadily:
But juſt as Fortune's wind may blow,
The veſſel's toſticated to and fro.
Yet come but love on board,
Our hearts, with pleaſure ſtor'd,

No ſtorm can overwhelm :
Still blows in vain the hurricane,
While he is at the helm.

RAT-A-TAT.

Compoſed by Mr. Battiſhall—The words by Mr. Oakman.

AS blithe as the May,
I ſport thro' the day,
Each pleaſure I wiſh to come at;
Am always at eaſe,
For I go where I p'eaſe,
And viſit with rat-a-tat-tat.

I will never, thro' life,
Attend unto ſtrife,
To wrangle, to ſcold, and all that;
Yet with frolic and fun
I will readily run,
And viſit with rat-a-tat-tat.

To the ball, to the route,
Here and there, in and out,
My ſpirits ſhall never be flat;
As fancy inſpires
New wiſhes, deſires,
I'll viſit with rat-a-tat-tat.

While life's in its ſpring,
And time's on the wing,
Each tranſport I'll try to come at;
To the op'ra or play
I'll whiſk it away,
And viſit with rat-a-tat-tat.

THE MATCH GIRL.

Compoſed by a Lady.

COME, buy of poor Mary—good m tches I ſell—
Thro' London's fam'd city I'm known mighty well:
Tho' my heart is quite ſunk, yet I conſtantly cry,
Come, who'll buy my matches; who'll buy, who'll buy;
Come, who'll buy my matches.

Friends and parents I've none; I ne'er ſaw their face;
I wander about, the poor child of diſgrace:
Yet, tho' poor, I am honeſt, and oft heave a ſigh
While crying my matches—who'll buy, &c.

My equals deſpiſe me, and ſay I am proud,
Becauſe I avoid them, and keep from the croud:
From wicked temptations I ever will fly,
I live by my matches—who'll buy, &c.

Alone and unpity'd, I'm look'd on with ſcorn:
Ah! better for me, had I never been born.
Here I ſue for protection; while plaintive I cry,
Come, who'll buy my matches; who'll buy, &c.

THIS LIFE IS LIKE A TROUBLED SEA.

Compoſed by Mr. Dibdin.

THIS life is like a troubled ſea;
Where helm a-weather or a-lea,
The ſhip will neither ſtay nor wear,
But drives, of ev'ry rock in fear.
All ſeamanſhip in vain we try:
We cannot keep her ſteadily:
But juſt as Fortune's wind may blow,
The veſſel's toſticated to and fro.
Yet come but love on board,
Our hearts, with pleaſure ſtor'd,

No ſtorm can overwhelm :
Still blows in vain the hurricane,
While he is at the helm.

RAT-A-TAT.

Compoſed by Mr. Battiſhall—The words by Mr. Oakman.

AS blithe as the May,
I ſport thro' the day,
Each pleaſure I wiſh to come at;
Am always at eaſe,
For I go where I pleaſe,
And viſit with rat-a-tat-tat.

I will never, thro' life,
Attend unto ſtrife,
To wrangle, to ſcold, and all that;
Yet with frolic and fun
I will readily run,
And viſit with rat-a-tat-tat.

To the ball, to the route,
Here and there, in and out,
My ſpirits ſhall never be flat;
As fancy inſpires
New wiſhes, deſires,
I'll viſit with rat-a-tat-tat.

While life's in its ſpring,
And time's on the wing,
Each tranſport I'll try to come at;
To the op'ra or play
I'll whiſk it away,
And viſit with rat-a-tat-tat.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Compoſed by a Lady.

WOULD you act the prudent lover,
Still maintain the manly part;
Let not downcaſt looks diſcover
All the ſorrows of your heart.

Women, ſoon the truth divining,
Slyly laugh, or ſharply rail,
When the ſwain, in accents whining,
Tells his melancholy tale.

Nor by ſanguine hopes directed,
Uſe a victor's haughty ſtrain:
Every nymph, by pride protected,
Learns to ſcorn the froward ſwain.

Him for conqueſt Love ſhall faſhion,
Him the Graces all attend,
Who, to the moſt ardent paſſion,
Joins the lover and the friend.

SOMEBODY.

WERE I ob'ig'd to beg my bread,
And had not where to lay my head,
I'd creep where yonder herds are fed,
And ſteal a look at Somebody,
My own dear Somebody,
My conſtant Somebody.

When I'm laid low, and am at reſt,
And may be number'd with the bleſt,
O may thy artleſs, feeling breaſt
Throb with regard for Somebody;
Ah! will you drop one pitying tear,
And ſigh for the loſt Somebody?

But ſhould I ever live to ſee
That form, ſo much ador'd by me,
Then thou'lt reward my conſtancy
And I'd be bleſt with Somebody:
Then ſhall my tears be dry'd by thee,
And I'll be bleſt with Somebody.

WHEN BENDING O'ER THE LOFTY YARD.

Compoſed by Mr. Fiſher.

WHEN, bending o'er the loſty yard,
The jolly ſeaman reefs his ſail;
Though whirlwinds roar, he grapples hard
The ſwinging beam, nor dreads the gale.
When hidden rocks and ſable clouds
Impede the ſhatter'd veſſel's way,
The boatſwain, clinging to the ſhrouds,
Undaunted pipes his midnight lay.

And ere the wreck begins to ſink,
Ere thro' her ſides the billows pour,
The ſailor bravely ſtops to drink,
Then graſps the maſt, and gains the ſhore.
Thus, Harriet, were I moor'd with you,
No threat'ning dangers would I ſee,—
But laugh at Terror's pale fac'd crew,
And baffle Life's tempeſtuous ſea.

Or, haply, ſhould ſoft zephyrs blow,
We'd leave the port, and ſhare the gale;
While Bacchus call'd all hands below,—
And Fortune, laughing, ſet our ſail.
From quickſands of domeſtic Care,
Where Jealouſy's loud breakers roar,—
From Sorrow's coaſt, we'd ſteer afar,
Till Death ſhould tow our boat aſhore.

SHE

SHE NEVER THINKS OF ME.

Sung by Mr. Clifford.

MORNING dew, that wets the roſe,
Its blooming tints more lovely ſhews;
So on my Mary's face appears
The pearly luſtre of her tears,
When others' woes ſhe weeps to ſee;
But, ah! ſhe never thinks of me.

When round the youths in tranſports gaze,
And Love forbids the pow'r to praiſe,—
While ſhe with artleſs mien beguiles,
And ſweetly wounds with fatal ſmiles:
Her triumph ſtill I'm fond to ſee,
Although ſhe never thinks of me.

Then go, fair Hope, for ever go:
Here will I nouriſh deareſt woe;
For Sorrow's ſelf can ſweets impart;
Sweet ev'ry pang that rends the heart;
And ſweet to die 'twill ſurely be
For her who never thinks of me.

THE VEIL.

Sung by Mr. Darley.

AH! faſhion, wherefore, doſt thou ſtill,
The female breaſt with anger fill,
And teach ſuch cruel arts;
'Tis thou that didſt the fair conceal,
Their glowing charms beneath a veil,
To tantalize our hearts.
O baniſh the bonnet, or draw up the veil,
And crown with ſimplicity each Britiſh fair;
No longer their ſmiles, and their dimples conceal,
But let us behold them e'en juſt as they are.

Ah!

Ah faſhion, 'tis thy ruthleſs pow'r,
That midſt the grove and in the bow'r
Oft damps extatic bliſs;
For when the nectar we ſhould ſip,
The cobweb flutters on the lip,
And blunts the am'rous kiſs.
O baniſh the bonnet, &c.

O faſhion, bid the curtain riſe,
That we may feaſt our longing eyes,
With dimples and with ſmiles;
Then ev'ry youth ſhall bleſs thy ſway,
And to thy precepts homage pay,
Dear goddeſs of our iſles.
O baniſh the bonnet, &c.

DEAR IS MY LITTLE NATIVE VALE.

Compoſed by Mr. Hook.

DEAR is my little native vale:
The ring-dove builds and warbles there:
Cloſe by my coat ſhe tells her tale
To ev'ry paſſing villager.
The ſquirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And ſhells his nuts at liberty,
In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
To charm the fairy-footed hours
With my lov'd lute's romantic ſound,
Or crowns of living laurels weave
For thoſe that win the race at eve,
The ſhepherd's horn at break of day,
The mimic dance in twilight glade,
The ruſtic glee, the roundelay,
Sung in the ſilent woodland's ſhade.

These ſimple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.
Dear is my little native vale, &c.

WE CONQUER, DEAR GIRLS, BUT FOR YOU.

Compoſed by Mr. Hook.

COME ſailors be filling the can,
The wind is beginning to blow,
We've time to drink round to a man,
And then to weigh anchor muſt go:
What thouſands repair to the ſtrand,
To give us a cheering adieu!
'Tis plain they believe on the land,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

When oft on the maintop-maſt yard,
The ſailor is ſwung to and fro;
Let the tempeſt blow ever ſo hard,
He whiſtles defiance to woe!
The gale can but laſt for a while,
Is always the boaſt of the crew;
And then they reflect with a ſmile,
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

Tho' battle, tremendous appears,
When blood ſtains the face of the main,
Tho' thunder reſounds in his ears,
The ſailor's a ſtranger to pain:
The thought, with what rapture and pride
Each girl will her hero review,—
'Tis this makes him danger deride:
We conquer, dear girls, but for you.

THE WINTER OF AGE.

Compoſed by Mr. Hook.

DEAR Clora, let's love, while in ſoft wanton gales,
Blithe zephyrs diſport upon Tweed's limpid ſtream—
Devoid of all guile, to repeat our fond tales;
For pleaſing is converſe, when love is the theme.
O think, my fair maid, that, in Life's budding ſpring,
In love 'tis the duty of all to engage,—
That thence blooming ſummer may happineſs bring,
To comfort the cold hoary winter of age.

Pomona choice fruits may abundantly yield,
Gay Flora ſpread carpets of roſes around,
O. Ceres benign, o'er the yellow-dy'd field,
Make autumn's rich harveſt diffuſive abound:
But theſe nought avail, if in Life's budding ſpring,
In tender affection we fail to engage,—
That thence blooming ſummer may happineſs bring,
To comfort the cold hoary winter of age.

On Tweed's flow'ry margin, where roſy-fac'd Health
Convenes ev'ry morning her ſylvan levee,
I envy not pomp nor the ſplendor of wealth,
Content, deareſt Clora, poſſeſſing but thee.
Let Love then, my charmer, in Life's budding ſpring,
Our fondeſt regard to each other engage,—
That like the kind ivy and oak we may cling,
From youth to the cold hoary winter of age.

I NEVER WILL BE MARRIED.

Compoſed by Mr. Hook.

WHEN I had ſcarcely told ſixteen,
My flatt'ring tell-tale glaſs,

Told me there ſeldom could be ſeen,
A blyther, bonnier laſs;
Full twenty lovers round me bow'd,
But high my head I carried;
And with a ſcornful air I vow'd
I never wou'd be married.

Young Harry warmly urg'd his ſuit,
And talk'd of wealth in ſtore;
While Jemmy thought to ſtrike me mute,
And told his conqueſts o'er.
Each youth a different art eſſay'd,
And ſtill their arts I parried,
Believe me, ſirs, I laughing ſaid,
I never will be married.

Then five revolving ſummers paſt,
While I the tyrant play'd;
Ah! then I fear'd 'twould be at laſt,
My fate to die a maid.
Of all the lovers in my train,
There was but one that tarried,
I thought 'twas time to change my ſtrain,
And we this morn were married.

MOLLY OF THE MEAD.

Compoſed by Mr. Hook.

AS on yon village lawn I ſtray'd
One morning in the ſpring;
Around the lambs all ſportive play'd,
The birds did blithſome ſing.
Upon a bank where willows grew,
I tun'd my oaten reed,
How much I'm chang'd ſince firſt I knew,
Sweet Molly of the Mead.

No ſhepherd was ſo blithe as I,
No youth was e'er ſo bleſt;
In rapture ſweet the time did fly;
For love then warm'd my breaſt.
To pleaſe her was my ſole employ;
To her I tun'd my reed;
And morn and eve my only joy
Was Molly of the Mead.

Soon as the ſun reſp'endent roſe,
One morn I took my way;
And eager ſought ſome fragrant flow'r,
To make her look more gay.
Right well ſhe ſaw my tender pain,
And ſoon my fate decreed;
And now I live, the happieſt ſwain,
With Molly of the Mead.

JOCKEY OF THE GREEN.

Compoſed by Mr. Hook.

NA mair, ye bonny laſſes gay,
Your blithſome ſonnets now diſp'ay,
For Jem of Aberdeen;
But join your voices now with me,—
And, as we gang along the lee,
Sing Jockey of the Green.

His locks like ony ſun beams play,
When Phœbus gilds the firſt of May;
His face is ruddy ſeen:
And then he trips wi' ſic a grace,
All other lads to him give place—
Sweet Jockey of the Green.

At kirk he ſays he'll take my hand—
Who can his bonny ſuit withſtand?
He ſmiles ſo ſweet, I ween.
I vow my heart cannot deny—
Wi' his kind wiſh I ſhall comply—
My Jockey of the Green.

FYE FOR SHAME!

Compoſed by Mr. Hook.

BEHOLD a damſel in diſtreſs,
Above ſixteen indeed, 'tis true;
For ever ſnub'd by aunty Beſs,
A croſs old maid of forty-two:
To Strephon if I ſmile or ſpeak,
She cries, that ſpirit, Miſs, I'll tame;
And ſhould he kiſs my hand or cheek,
'Tis forward huſſey, fye for ſhame!

But yet I know, 'twixt you and I,
'Tis envy only makes her rail;
For yeſter ev'ning parſon Sly
Stept in, to taſte my father's ale:
Cloſe up to Beſs his chair he drew,
Firſt kiſs'd her, then confeſs'd a flame:
She ſmil'd and bluſh'd; when in I flew,
And cry'd, fye aunty, fye for ſhame!

So let her rail no more at me—
I think ſhe now may hold her tongue;
For woman-kind, I plainly ſee,
Are a l alike, both old and young:
And ſhould young Strephon urge his ſuit,
And beg the happy day I'd name,
Believe me, I wou d not be mute,
Tho' all the world cry'd—fye for ſhame!

I'LL

I'LL DIE FOR NO SHEPHERD, NOT I.

Compoſed by Mr. Hook.

WHEN firſt on the plain I began to appear,
And the ſhepherds to ogle and ſigh;
They call'd me their dear, their delight, and their joy,
But I heed no ſuch nonſenſe, not I.

Not all their fine words, their flatt'ry and love,
Tho' they ſwore if I frown'd they ſhould die;
Could bring me to like, to love, or approve,
For I heed no ſuch nonſenſe, not I.

But now in my turn, I'm in love too I find,
Tho' believe I for grief ſhould not die;
Were Jemmy as falſe as the wavering wind,
O! I heed no ſuch nonſenſe, not I.

I think the lad likes me, and he may prove true,
And if ſo, I will love till I die;
But if he proves fickle, then I'll prove ſo too:
O! I'll die for no ſhepherd, not I.

BILL BOBSTAY.

Written by Mr. Dibdin.

TIGHT lads have I ſail'd with, but none e'er ſo ſightly
As honeſt Bill Bobſtay, ſo kind and ſo true;
He'd ſing like a mermaid, and foot it ſo lightly,—
The forecaſtle's pride, the delight of the crew.
But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters
He went, though his fortune was kind, without end;
For money, cry'd Bill, and them there ſort of matters,—
What's the good on't, d'ye ſee, but to ſuccour a friend?

There's

There's Nipcheese, the purser, by grinding and squeezing,
First plund'ring, then leaving, the ship like a rat;
The eddy of Fortune stands on a stiff breeze in,
And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his hat.
My bark, tho' hard storms on Life's ocean should rock her,
Tho' she roll in misfortune, and pitch end for end,—
No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
When, by handing it out, he can succour a friend!

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry, spite of the crosses;
And forgetful of toil that so hardly they bore;
That sailors at sea earn their money like horses,
'To squander it idly, like asses, ashore.'
Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could they measure,
By their feeling, the gen'rous delight, without end,
That gives birth in us tars to that truest of pleasure,
The handling our rhino to succour a friend.

Why, what's all this nonsense they talks of, and pother,
All about Rights of Man?—what a plague are they at?
If they means that each man to his messmate's a brother,
Why, the lubberly swabs, ev'ry fool can tell that.
The rights of us Britons we knows to be loyal,—
In our country's defence our last moments to spend,
To fight up to the ears to protect the Blood Royal,
To be true to our wives, and to succour a friend!

I'VE LOST MY HEART TO TEDDY.

Composed by Mr. Hook.

YOUNG Teddy is an Irish lad,
So blithe, so tight, so merry,—
And when in scarlet beaver clad,
The pride of Londonderry.

Then

Then, Teddy, ſhun the war for me:
Ah! Norah, be but ſteady:
But, arrah now, it cannot be:
I've loſt my heart to Teddy—
O, I've loſt my heart to Teddy.

When firſt we met, 'twou'd make you laugh,
We look'd ſo at each other:
But Cupid play'd too ſure by half:
My heart was in a pother.
Ted ſeiz'd my hand, and ſtole a kiſs:
Indeed, ſaid I, already?
Then forc'd a frown; but 'twas amiſs:
I'd loſt my heart to Teddy.—
O, I'd loſt my heart to Teddy.

Whene'er the creature meets me now,
'Tis, love, when ſhall we marry?
I'm half inclin'd to keep my vow,—
And that is, not to tarry.
O, 'tis ſo ſweet to join the knot;
And Hymen's always ready:
A huſband is—what is he not?
I've loſt my heart to Teddy—
O, I've loſt my heart to Teddy.

THE HAPPY SHEPHERDESS.

Compoſed by Mr. Hook.

WHEN ſummer, ſmiling, bids the hills
With noontide fervors glow,
I lead my flocks beſide the rills
Which chear the vale below:
Then elated with joy to the ſhade I repair,
For I'm ſure the dear youth that I love will be there.

And

And when ſoft muſic o'er the p'ains
Proclaims the rural dance,
And bluſhing nymphs and ardent ſwains
In eager haſte advance,—
Then elated with joy to the dance I repair,
For I'm ſure the dear youth, &c.

Whene'er the cottagers appear,
Upon the vil age green,
To celebrate the wake or fair,
And hail the charming ſcene,—
Then elated with joy to the green I repair;
For I'm ſure the dear youth, &c.

KATE OF COLEBROOK DALE.

Compoſed by Mr. Hook.

WHEN gentle Love firſt fir'd my breaſt,
I rov'd from fair to fair;
No ſhepherd ſwain was then ſo bleſt,
Or ſo unknown to care.
O'er heath, o'er hill, I travers'd wide,
And ſought each verdant vale,
Yet ſtill the laſs of all my pride,
Was Kate of Colebrook Dale.

How happy ſure were then my days,
Such tranquil joys I knew;
Where'er I went, I ſpoke her praiſe,
I found her juſt and true.
For oft in yonder ſhady grove,
I told my ardent ta'e,
And whiſper'd themes of fondeſt love,
To Kate of Colebrook Dale.

But ah! how fleeting was my bliſs,
For I'd no wealth in ſtore;
Her parents thought our love amiſs,
We part to meet no more.
But hope ſhall cheer my tortur'd mind,
For what will tears avail,
Tho' thou wer't faithful, fair, and kind,
Dear Kate of Colebrook Dale.

SEE! RUDDY AURORA.

Compoſed by Mr. Hook.

SEE! ruddy Aurora begins to appear,
And chaſes from hence the dull night;
The huntſmen are up, and the hounds 'gin to cheer;
Ye gods what a glorious ſight.
Yoicks, Jowler and Sweetlips, hark, forward, away;
Tantara; we'll hail the ſweet morn:
To join in ſuch paſtimes no longer delay;
But follow the ſound of the horn.

The fox is unearth'd, and the chaſe is begun;
Purſuing is each hound and ſteed:
He doubles, and tries, by his cunning, to ſhun
His fate, and now ſkims o'er the mead:
There cloſely purſu'd, by the river he aims
To eſcape to the other ſide lawn;
But, alas! he's o'erta'en,—and the huntſman proclaims
His death, by the ſound of the horn.

Then while all your coxcombs and ſweet-ſcented beaux,
Who delight in the noiſe of the town,
Hunt Faſhion and Folly, and ſuch fooliſh ſhews;
In purſuit of which oft they are thrown:
Like them, where ſuch ſtup'd, dull paſtime abounds,
So idly to waſte time we ſcorn,—
But purſue roſy Health, whilſt, with horſes and hounds,
We follow the ſound of the horn.

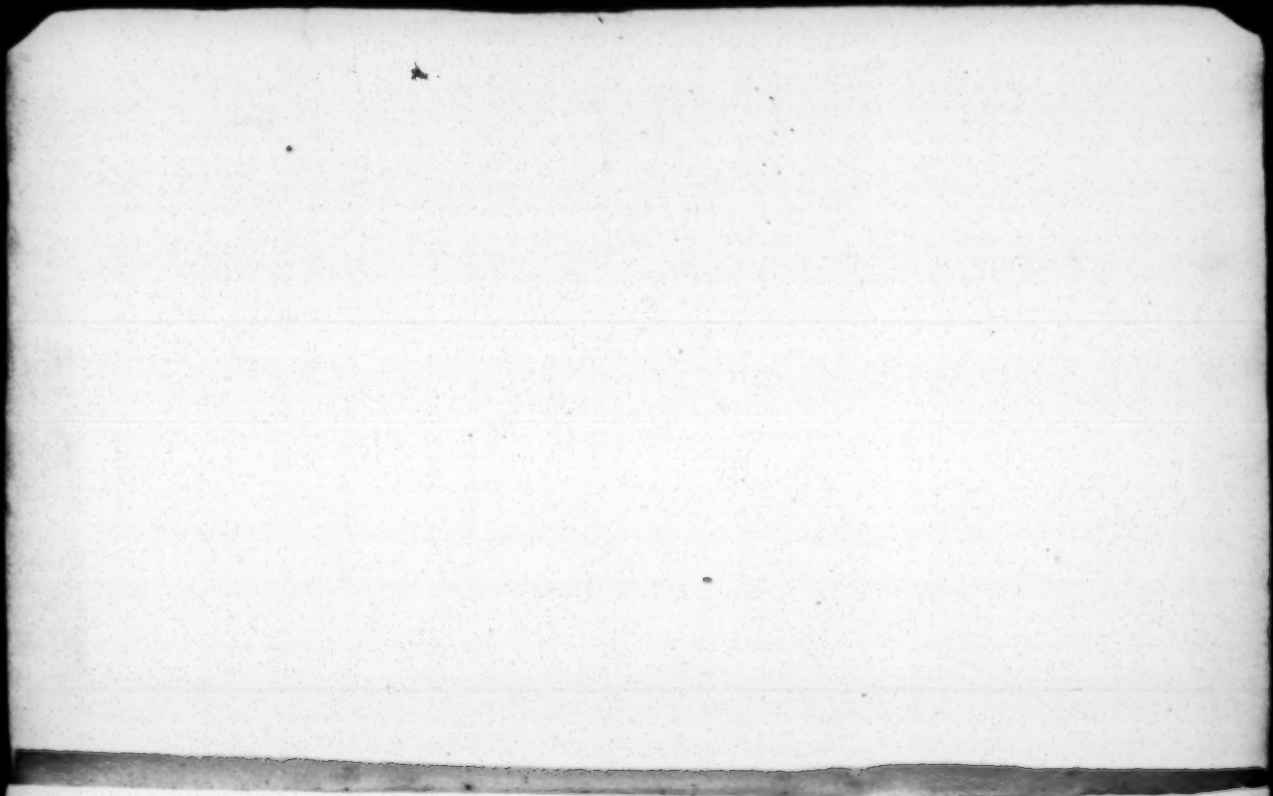
SO WOU'D NOT I.

Compoſed by Mr Hook.

IF your lovers, maids forſake you,
Would you pine, and ſigh, and die,—
To your bed for grief betake you?
If you wou'd, ſo wou'd not I.

Wou'd you dreſs your head with willows,
Let your hair neglected fly,
Baniſh ſlumber from your pillows?
If you wou'd, ſo wou'd not I.

Shou'd a faithleſs ſwain perplex you,
Then for one more worthy try;
Wou'd you let the falſe one vex you?
If you wou'd, ſo wou'd not I.

Men were ſent, I'm ſure, to pleaſe us,—
Such their words, their looks, imply;
We were fools to let them teaze us:
If you will, ſo will not I.

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